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HAPPY HOUR STORIES

SILVESTER
AND
PETER



Class PZ8

Book .8

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HAPPY HOUR STORIES

BY

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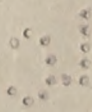
ATLANTA

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PREFACE

THIS little book is intended to be used as supplementary material after the child has completed a good basal primer.

The stories contain the usual vocabulary found in the modern basal primer, and are therefore well within the ability of the child. The rimes or jingles involved in the stories need not be made a part of the child's reading vocabulary, nor is it necessary that any great effort be made to have him memorize them.

The verses are not given to be taught severely as reading lessons. The child usually delights in memorizing those selected, and it gives him great joy to discover them in print. If the child is left to his own initiative, after he is taught the verses, it will be found that he will read them again and again from memory. This will not only add to his pleasure, but it will increase his reading vocabulary as well.

Credit for permission to use the extract from Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" is due to George H. Doran Company, the authorized publishers of the poem. Credit is also hereby extended to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use Lucy Larcom's "Sir Robin," and Celia Thaxter's "Wild Geese."

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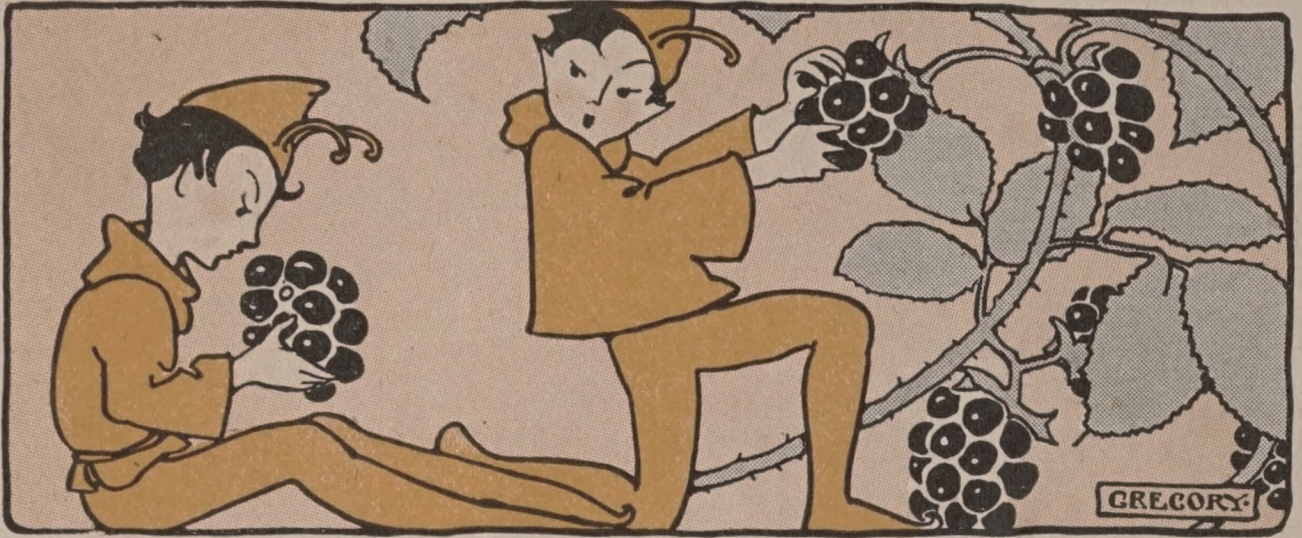
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*Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,—
But only one mother the wide world over.*



THE FLOWERS' PARTY

(See page 103)



HUMBO AND MUMBO

Humbo and Mumbo
were two little elves.

They went into the field
to pick blackberries.

Mumbo ate all his blackberries.

But Humbo wanted
to take some blackberries
to his mother.

Humbo wanted a basket.

“I will make a basket,” he said.

So Humbo went
to the willow tree and said,
“Give me some willow.
I will make a basket.
Then I can take my mother
some blackberries.”

“You must get a knife
to cut it,”
said the willow tree.

Then Humbo went
to get the knife.

Humbo said,
“Knife, knife, cut willow
from the willow tree,
so I can make a basket
to take my mother
some blackberries.”



“Get a grindstone
to grind me,” said the knife.
Humbo went to the grindstone.

“Grindstone,” he said,
“please grind knife.
Knife will cut willow.
Then I can make a basket
to take my mother
some blackberries.”

Grindstone said,
“Get a boy to turn me.”

Then Humbo went
to the boy and said,
“Boy, boy, turn grindstone.
Grindstone will grind knife.
Knife will cut willow.
Then I can make a basket
to take my mother
some blackberries.”

“I will,” said the boy,
“if you will make
my bob-tailed hen
lay a golden egg.”

Now the little elf Humbo
knew a witch.
The witch lived in a hole
in the ground.

Her name was
Witchity Thith Thith Thee.

So Humbo went
to Witchity Thith Thith Thee.

“Witchity Thith Thith Thee,”
he said,
“make the boy’s bob-tailed hen
lay a golden egg.”



Witchity Thith Thith Thee
blew some black smoke
out of the hole in the ground.
Then she came out.

She said in a big voice,
“Catch the bob-tailed hen.
Hold her by the wings.
Turn round three times, and say,

“One zol, two zol,
Ziggy zol zan,
Bob-tailed Henny Pen,
Ticky tol tan.
Lay me a golden egg,
As quickly as you can.”

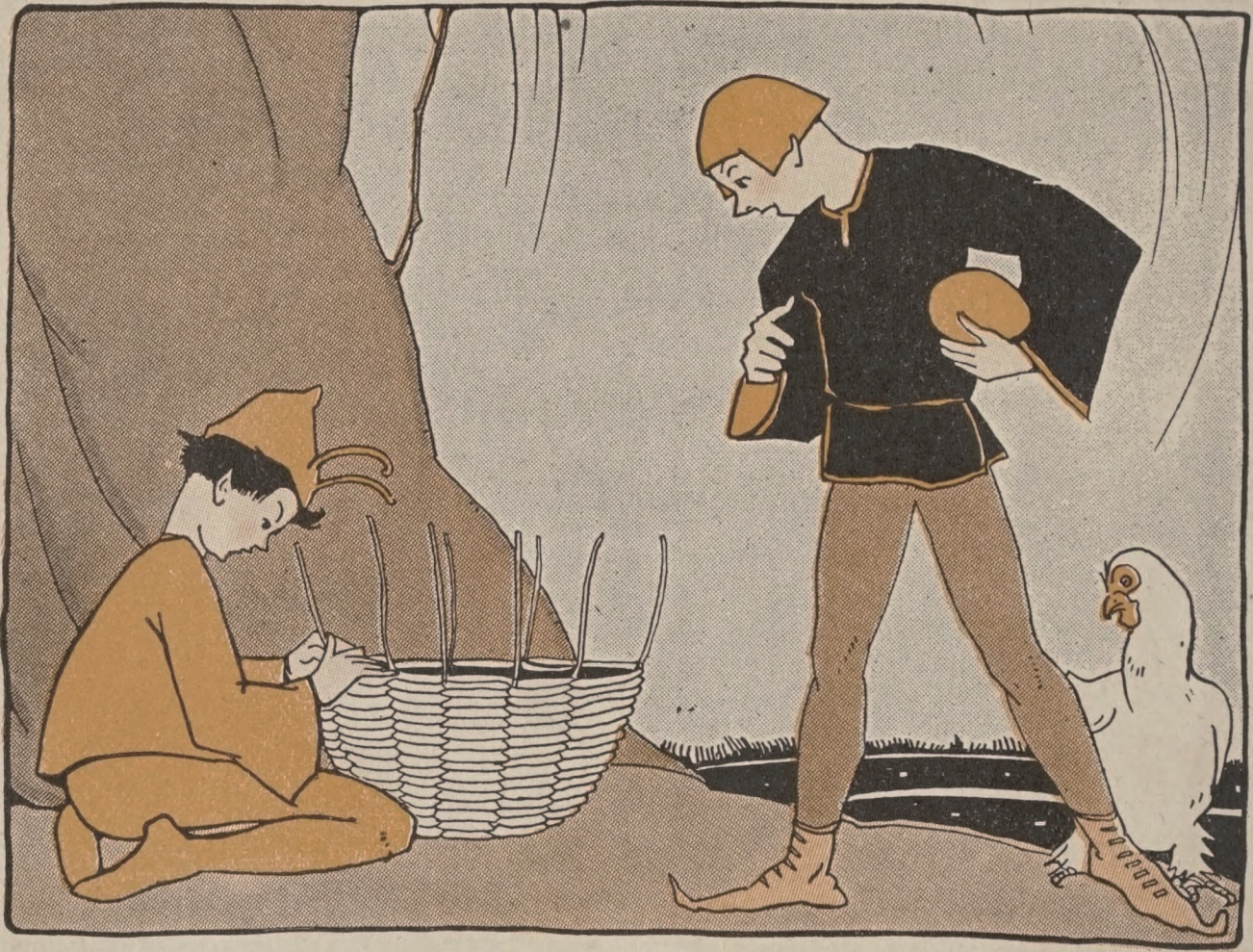
Witchity Thith Thith Thee
went back into the hole
in the ground.

Humbo went to the boy's home.
He caught the bob-tailed hen.
He turned round three times
and said,

“One zol, two zol,
Ziggy zol zan,
Bob-tailed Henny Pen,
Ticky tol tan.
Lay me a golden egg,
As quickly as you can.”

Then the hen laid
a big golden egg.

Humbo took it to the boy.
Boy turned the grindstone.
Grindstone ground the knife.
Knife cut the willow.



Humbo took the willow
and made a beautiful basket.

He filled the basket
with beautiful blackberries.
He took home
all his blackberries
to give to his mother.

Mumbo picked a lot
of beautiful blackberries.

But greedy Mumbo
never thought of his mother.
He ate all the blackberries
he could pick.

And some folks say
they made him very sick.



AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup;
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





THREE WISHES

Once upon a time
there were a little old man,
and a little old woman.

They lived
in a little old house,
under a little old tree.

The little old woman
and the little old man
worked very hard.



One day the little old man
was resting under the old tree.

The little old man said,
“If I could have three wishes,
I should be happy.”

Just then an elf flew down
from the little old tree.

He said, “Little old man,
you may have three wishes.”

This made the little old man
very, very happy.

He ran to the little old house,
and said, “Little old woman,
we have three wishes.

We may wish
for anything we want.”

“Good, good!

What shall we wish for?

Wish for a fine house,”

said the little old woman.

“No, no, wish for fine horses
to work the farm,”

said the little old man.

“No, no,” said the old woman.

“Come, let us have dinner.

Then we can wish,”

said the little old man.

The little old man was hungry.

He was very, very hungry.

He forgot the three wishes.

He said, “I wish I had
a great big sausage.”



On the table landed the sausage.
The little old woman was angry.
She quarreled and quarreled.
She quarreled all day.
She quarreled all night,
because the little old man
had wished for a sausage
and one wish was gone.

The little old man was angry.
He was angry because
the little old woman
had quarreled.

And what do you suppose?
He said, "I wish the sausage
were on the end of your nose."





Up jumped the sausage
and landed on the end
of the woman's nose.

And the second wish was gone.

What a sight
the little old woman was!

The little old woman cried,
and the little old man cried.



What could they do?
They both cried together,
“I wish it were off!”

The sausage jumped off
and the three wishes were gone.

The little old man
and the little old woman
still live in the little old house,
under the little old tree.
And they are as happy as can be.

THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES

The woods are full of fairies!

The trees are all alive;

The river overflows with them,

See how they dip and dive!

What funny little fellows!

What dainty little dears!

They dance and leap, and prance and

And utter fairy cheers! [peep,

I'd like to tame a fairy,

To keep it on a shelf,

To see it wash its little face,

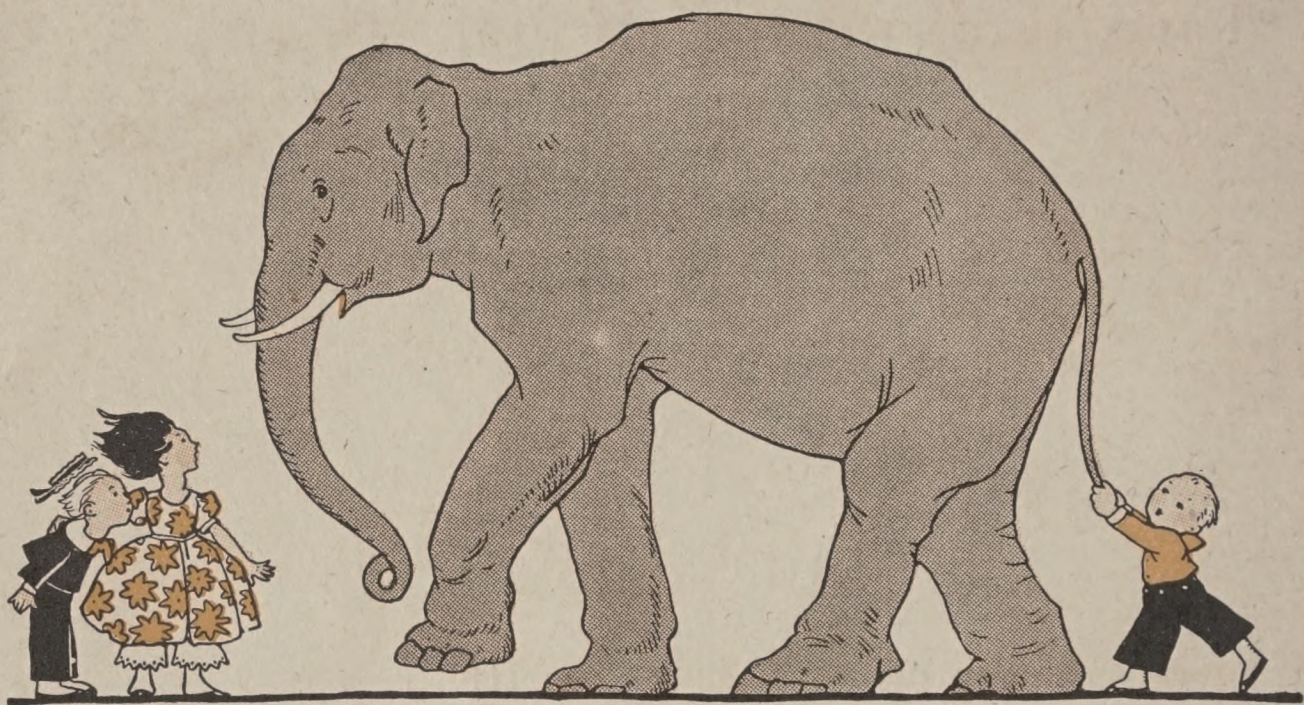
And dress its little self.

I'd teach it pretty manners,

It always should say, "Please!"

And then, you know, I'd make it sew,

And courtesy with its knees!



OLD DUNK HAS SOME FUN

Old Dunk was a tame elephant.
He was very tame.
He did not hurt any one.
He went all around the town.
He went to the fruit stand.

The boys would call,
“Dunk, Dunk,
Put out your trunk.”
Then they would give him fruit.

One day old Dunk
went to the fruit stand.
Bob and Bill were there.
Bob called,

“Dunk, Dunk,
Put out your trunk.”

Dunk put out his trunk.
Bob gave him some fruit.

The next day Dunk went
to the fruit stand.
Bob and Bill were there.
Bob called,

“Dunk, Dunk,
Put out your trunk.”

Dunk put out his trunk.
Bob gave him more fruit.
What a good time old Dunk had!



Another day Dunk went
to the fruit stand.

Bob was not there.

Bill called,

“Dunk, Dunk,
Put out your trunk.”

Dunk put out his trunk.
Bill stuck a pin in it.

The pin hurt old Dunk.

Dunk had not hurt Bill.

Dunk went away.

The next day he came again
to the stand.

He saw that Bob was not there.

Bill called again,

“Dunk, Dunk,

Put out your trunk.”

Dunk put out his trunk.

Bill stuck a pin into the trunk.

But what do you think?

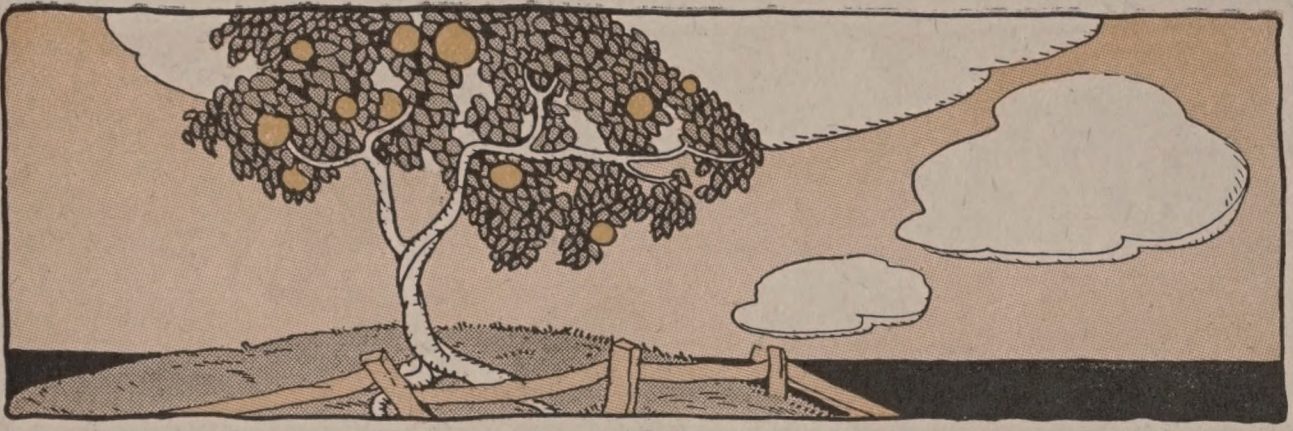
Old Dunk was ready.

He blew a shower of mud
out of his trunk.



The mud went all over Bill.
It went all over the stand,
and all over the fruit.

How the people laughed!
And old Dunk laughed, too.



TREES

I think that I can never see,
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth
is pressed,
Against the earth's sweet
flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

JOYCE KILMER



THE POPLAR TREE

A man stole a bag of gold.
He stole the gold
from the end of the rainbow.
The fairies had put the gold
into the bag.

The old man said,
“The fairies will
look and look for this gold.
I must hide it.”

He went to the oak tree.
He said to the oak tree,
“Please, please, oak tree,
hide this bag for me.”

“Oh, no,” said the oak tree,
“I am king of the oak trees.
If I hide the gold
that was stolen by you,
I shall be stealing, too.”

So he went to the pine tree.
He said to the pine tree,
“Please, please, pine tree,
hide this bag for me.”

“Oh, no,” said the pine tree.
“The gold is not mine.”



If I hide the gold
that was stolen by you,
I shall be stealing, too.”

He walked on down the road,
till he came to a fir tree.

He said, “Fir tree, fir tree,
please hide this bag for me.”

“Oh, no,” said the fir tree,
“that I cannot do.
If I hide the gold
that was stolen by you,
I shall be stealing, too.”

At last he came
to the poplar tree.
Its leaves were whispering
to the breeze.
It did not hear him coming.

He slipped his bag
into the poplar branches
and went away.





The poor poplar tree
did not know the bag was there.

Soon the fairies found
that the bag of gold was gone.
They looked far and near
but could not find it.

Then they went
to Mother Nature, and said,
“Please help us find our bag of gold.”

Mother Nature
went to the oak tree.

“Have you the bag of gold
from the end of the rainbow?”
she asked.

“No,” said the oak tree,
“I haven’t it.”

Mother Nature looked
among the branches of the oak,
but could not find the gold.

Then she went
to the pine tree.

“Have you the bag of gold
from the end of the rainbow?”
she asked the pine tree.

“No,” said the pine tree.
“I haven’t it.”



Mother Nature looked
among the branches of the pine,
but she could not find the gold.

Then she went on
till she came to the fir tree.

“Have you the bag of gold
from the end of the rainbow?”
she asked the fir tree.

“No, no,” said the fir tree.
“I haven’t it.”

Mother Nature looked
among the branches of the fir.
It was very dark in there.
She did not find the bag.

At last she came
to the poplar tree.

“Have you the bag of gold
from the end of the rainbow?”
Mother Nature asked.



“No, no,” said the poplar tree.
“I haven’t it.”

Mother Nature looked
among the branches of the poplar,
and there was the bag of gold.

The poor poplar tree
trembled with fear.

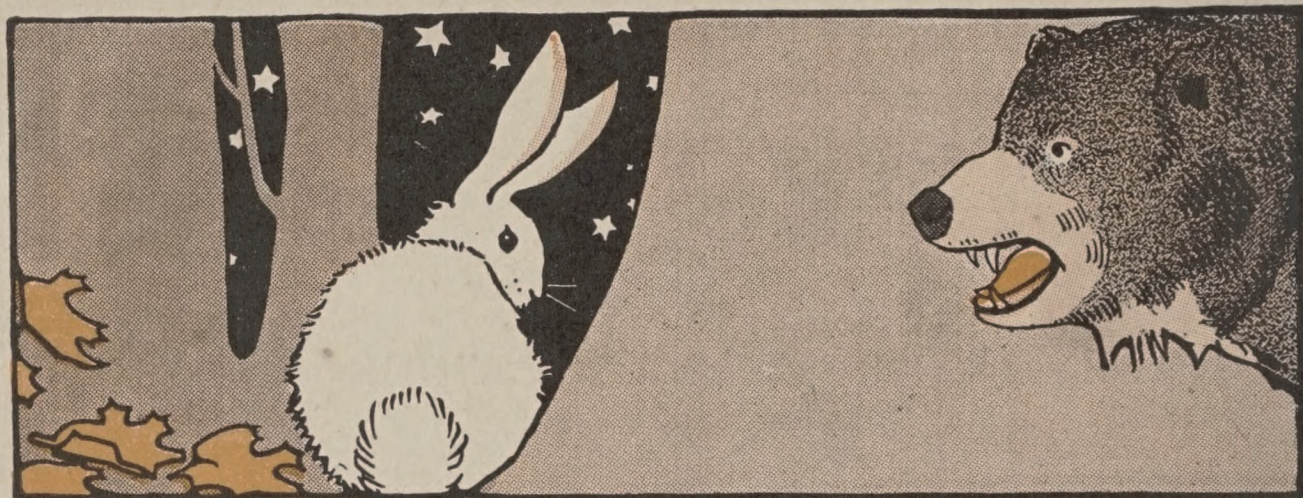
“Dear Mother Nature,” it said,
“I did not know
that the bag of gold
was in my branches.
Now I shall always
hold up my branches
as high as I can.
I want every one to know
that I am an honest tree.”

A WINTER SONG

Hurrah for the jolly
old winter,
The king of the seasons
is he,
Though his breath is cold
and icy,
His heart is full of glee.

He piles up the beautiful
snowflakes,
On the apple trees bare
and brown,
And laughs when the north wind
shakes them,
Like a shower
of blossoms down.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER



WHY BEARS SLEEP WINTERS

Brother Rabbit
lived in the woods.
Brother Bear
lived in the woods, too.

Brother Rabbit
was afraid of Brother Bear.
Brother Bear would growl
at Brother Rabbit.

“Gr-r-r! Gr-r-r!” Brother Bear
would growl and growl.

He would snap at Brother Rabbit.
He would frighten Brother Rabbit
all the time.

At last Brother Rabbit
could stand it no longer.
He met Red Squirrel.
He said, "What shall I do,
Red Squirrel?
Brother Bear will not let
me alone."





“I do not know.
Let us ask Mud Duck,”
said Red Squirrel.

They walked down the road
till they met Mud Duck.

“What shall we do, Mud Duck?”
asked Red Squirrel.

“Brother Bear will not let
Brother Rabbit alone.”

“I do not know.
Let us ask Wise Owl,”
said Mud Duck.

So they walked on and on,
till they met Wise Owl.

“What shall we do, Wise Owl?”
asked Mud Duck.

“Brother Bear will not let
Brother Rabbit alone.”

“Let me think,”
said Wise Owl.

“Let him think,”
said Mud Duck.

“Let him think,”
said Brother Rabbit.

They all let him think.



By and by Wise Owl said,
“Let us go and find
Brother Bear.”

So they all walked along.
They looked and looked
for old Brother Bear.

At last Wise Owl looked
into a hollow tree.
And there was Brother Bear,
fast, fast asleep.

The owl looked very wise.
“Sh! Sh!” said he.
“We must all work
as fast as we can.
Red Squirrel, bring leaves.
Mud Duck, bring mud.”



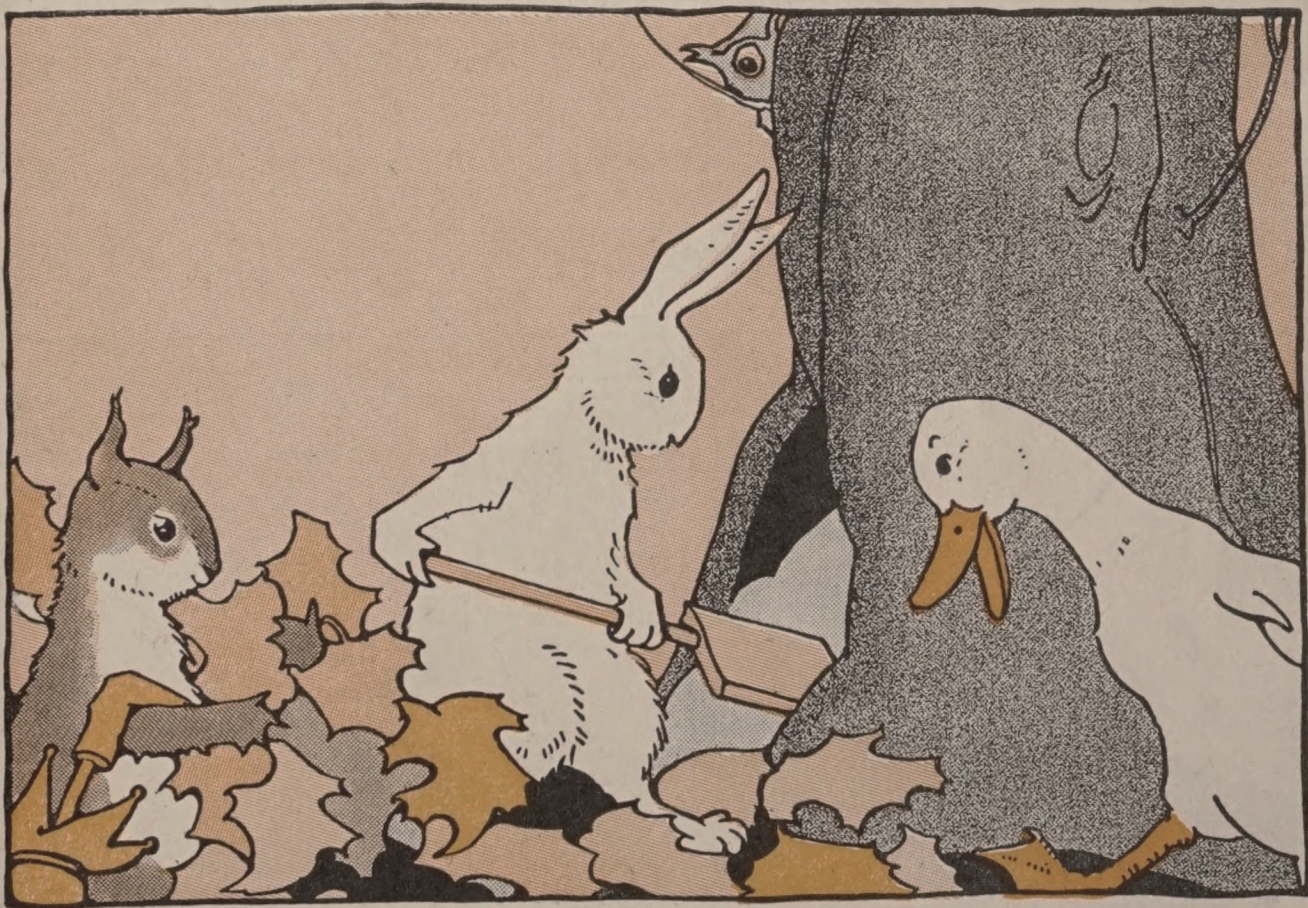
Then Wise Owl said,
“Who will plaster up the hollow
under Brother Bear’s big tree?”

“I will,” said Brother Rabbit.
So he took the leaves and mud
and plastered up the hollow
under Brother Bear’s big tree.

Old Brother Bear
slept on and slept on.

One day he awoke.
It was so dark
he thought it was still night.

Another day he awoke.
He heard the wind and rain.
It was dry and warm
under the hollow tree.
So he went to sleep again.



At last he awoke once more.
It was too warm in the hollow.
So he dug away the leaves,
and the mud, and came out.

“It was fall when I went to sleep,”
said Brother Bear.

“It is spring now.

That was a fine long sleep.

I think I will sleep again,
most of the time, next winter.”

And now all bears like to sleep
through the cold winter.



MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow

that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me

from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me
when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him

is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children,
which is always very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller
like an India-rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little
that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion
of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me
in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me,
he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie
as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early,
before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining
dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow,
like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me
and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



THE RABBIT'S TAIL

Once there was an old woman.
She had a garden.

Gray Rabbit came to the garden.
He ate the old woman's carrots.

The woman said to her little girl,
“Go into the garden
and eat your curds and whey.
If Gray Rabbit comes,
make him go away.”



Gray Rabbit came, hop, hop,
into the garden.

The little girl said,
“Shoo, shoo, little rabbit,
do not eat our carrots.”

Gray Rabbit hopped away.

The next day the old woman
said again to her little girl,
“Go into the garden
and eat your curds and whey.
If Gray Rabbit comes,
make him go away.”

Gray Rabbit came, hop, hop,
into the garden again.
The little girl said,
“Shoo, shoo, little rabbit,
do not eat our carrots.”

And Gray Rabbit hopped away.



The next day the old woman
said again to her little girl,
“Go into the garden
and eat your curds and whey.
If Gray Rabbit comes,
make him stay away.”

The next day when Gray Rabbit
came into the garden again,
the little girl threw
her curds and whey
at little Gray Rabbit.

Some of it fell
on his little gray tail.
Oh! how frightened he was!

Now, little gray rabbits
have little white tails.





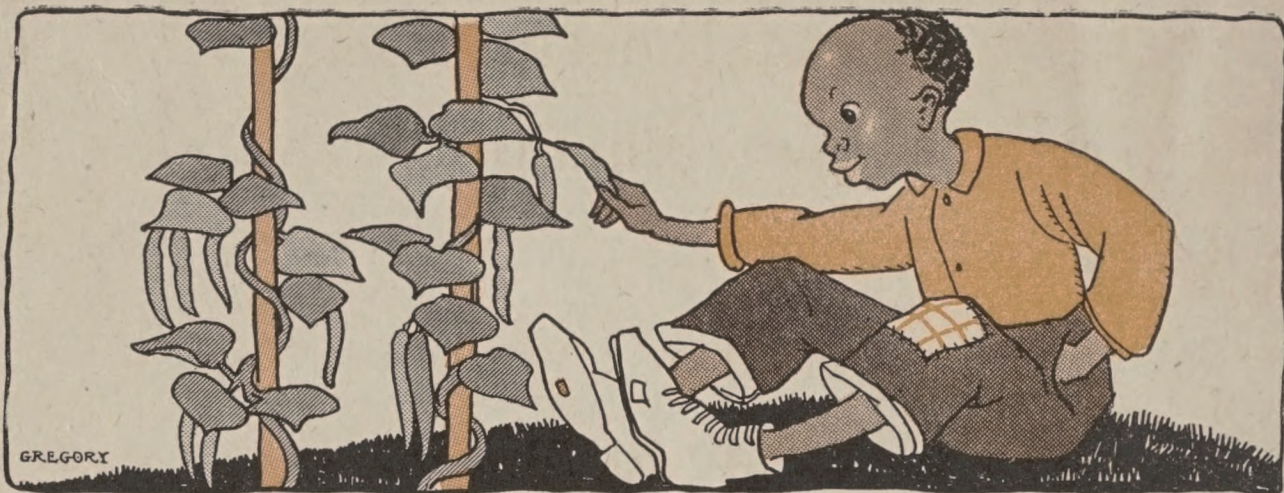
A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning,
I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
But smiled, and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun
Is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy,
For I know that I've been good.
My bed is waiting cool and fresh,
With linen smooth and fair,
And I must be off to sleeps-in-by,
And not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow
I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind,
No ugly sight my eyes.
But slumber hold me tightly
Till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing
In the lilacs round the lawn.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



GEORGE WASHINGTON JACKSON

George Washington Jackson
was a little boy.

He was a lazy boy.

He did not like to think.

His mother sent him
to the garden
to pick some beans.

George Washington Jackson
picked the beans.

He put them into his pockets
and lost every bean.

“Silly boy,” said his mother.
“You should carry them
in your hat.”

“I will remember,”
said George Washington Jackson.

So George Washington Jackson
said to himself,
“I should carry them
in my hat.
I should carry them
in my hat.
I should carry them
in my hat.”

The next day his mother
sent him to the store
to buy some butter.

George Washington Jackson
put the butter in his hat
and put the hat on his head.

When he reached home
the butter had run
all over his hair.



GREGORY

“Silly boy,” said his mother.
“You should carry butter
in your hand.”

“I will remember,” said
George Washington Jackson.

So he said to himself,
“I should carry it
in my hand.

I should carry it
in my hand.

I should carry it
in my hand.”

The next day his mother
sent him to the farmer
to buy a pig.

George Washington Jackson
took the pig in his hands.



The pig squealed and kicked
till it got away.

“Silly boy,” his mother said.

“You should tie
a long string around a pig
and pull it home.”

“I will remember,” said
George Washington Jackson.

So he said to himself,
“Tie a long string around it
and pull it home.

Tie a long string around it
and pull it home.

Tie a long string around it
and pull it home.”



The next day his mother
sent him to the store
to buy a cake.

George Washington Jackson
tied a long string
around the cake
and pulled it home.

“Silly boy,” his mother said.
“I will go to the store myself.”

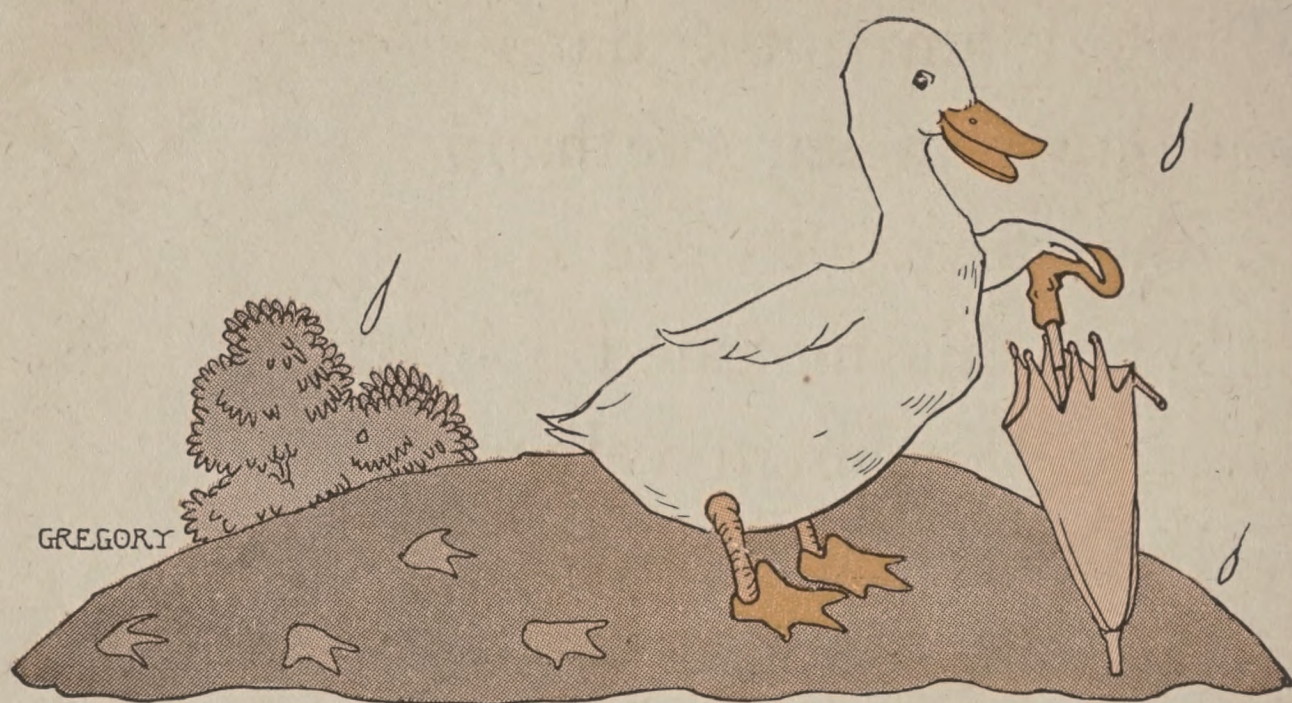
While I am gone,
remember to stir the soup
on the stove."

When his mother came back
George Washington Jackson
had stirred the soup
all over the stove.

There was not a drop of soup
left in the kettle.

What do you think happened
to George Washington Jackson?





WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

“I,” said the duck,
“I call it fun,
For I have my little
red rubbers on ;

They make a cunning
three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud.
Quack, quack, quack !”

“ I,” cried the dandelion, “ I,
My roots are thirsty,
my buds are dry.”
And she lifted
a tousled yellow head
Out of her green
and grassy bed.

“ I hope 'twill pour!
I hope 'twill pour!”
Purred the tree toad
at his gray back door,
“ For with a broad leaf
for a roof,
I am perfectly weather proof.”

Sang the brook: “ I laugh
at every drop,

And wish they never
need to stop,
Till a big, big river
I grow to be,
And could find my way
out to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted,
"for I can run,
With my high-top boots
and my raincoat on,
Through every puddle
and runlet and pool,
That I find
on my way to school."

CLARA DOTY BATES



BOBBY'S FAIRY SHOES

Once there was a little boy.
His name was Bobby.

Bobby had a grandmother.
His grandmother was a fairy.
She gave him a present.
It was a queer present.
Guess what it was!

It was a pair of little shoes.
They were not pretty shoes.
They were heavy leather shoes.

His fairy grandmother said
the shoes would help Bobby
to be a good boy.

The shoes would make him
mind his mother.

One day Bobby ran away.
The shoes pinched his toes,
and they pinched his heels,
till Bobby went home.

Once Bobby went out to play.
When it was time to go home
the shoes pinched his toes,
and they pinched his heels,
till Bobby went home.

Soon Bobby started for school.
Bobby did not like school.
He wanted to play.



One day Bobby stopped
on his way to school,
to play in the tall grass.

The shoes tried and tried
to make him go to school.
Bobby would not go.

The shoes pinched his toes,
and they pinched his heels.
They pinched his toes
very, very hard.

“Ouch, ouch,” said Bobby.
But he would not go to school.

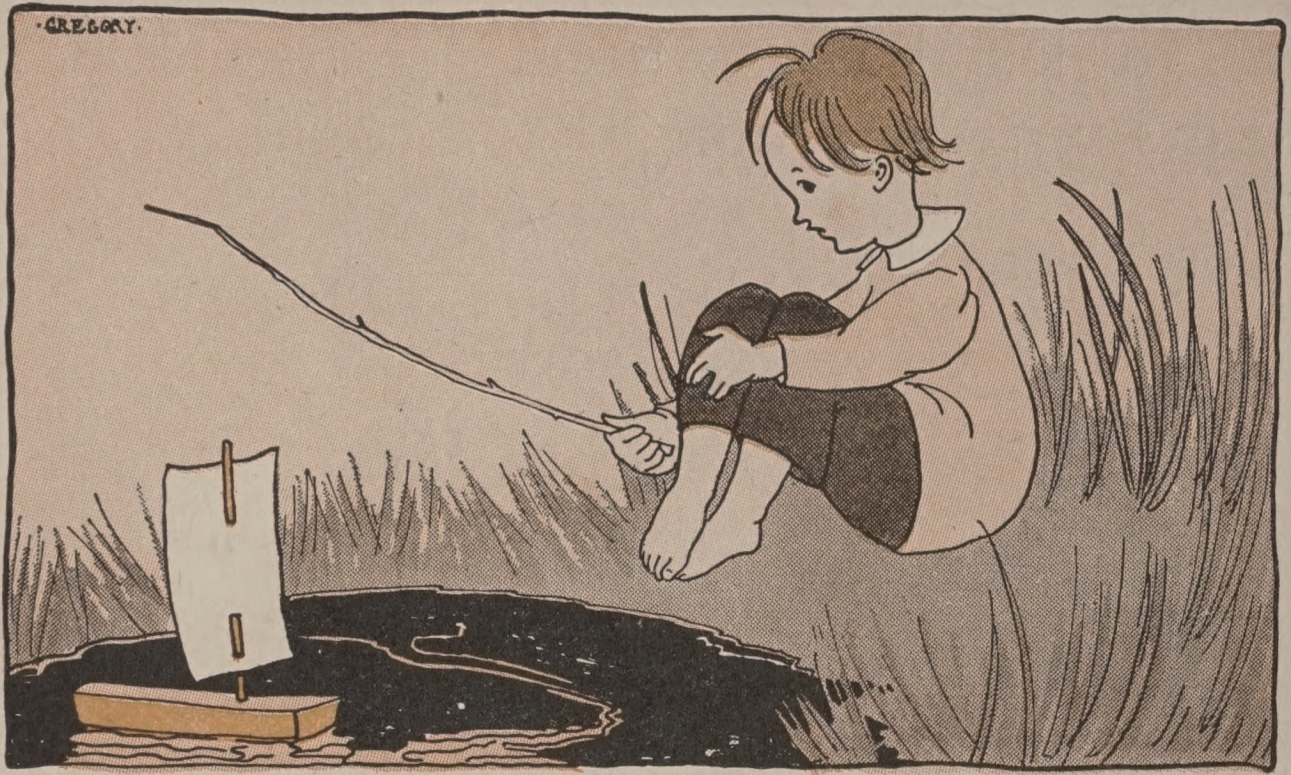
Bobby went into the brook
to sail a boat.

His shoes began to sink.

Down, down they went.

At last they slipped
off Bobby's feet.





Bobby did not care.
Now the shoes could not
pinch his toes,
and they could not
pinch his heels.

Bobby played in the grass.
He sailed his boat.
He did not think
about the little shoes.

At last he was tired.
His little feet were
very, very tired.
He was very, very sorry
he had been a naughty boy.

He went to school.

When he reached the school
he heard the children laugh.

He peeped in at the door.
What do you think he saw?
Where Bobby always stood
were his little fairy shoes.





THE WIND

I saw you toss
the kites on high
And blow the birds
about the sky ;
And all around
I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts
across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing
all day long,
O wind, that sings
so loud a song!

O you that are so
strong and cold,
O blower, are you
young or old?
Are you a beast
of field or tree,
Or just a stronger
child than me?
O wind, a-blowing
all day long,
O wind, that sings
so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



THE GIRAFFE AND THE PALMS

Long ago all giraffes
had short necks like little ponies,
so the story goes.

Little Jig Jig Giraffe
was a naughty little fellow.
He did not mind his mother.

His mother told him
to eat the grass in the field.

Jig Jig Giraffe did not like
to eat the grass in the field.

One day he ran away
to a grove of palm trees.
He stretched up his neck
and nibbled the leaves.

While he nibbled the leaves
he listened to the wind,
as it whispered to the palm trees.



The palm trees did not like
to have their leaves nibbled.

They did not like
to have Jig Jig listen
when the wind whispered.

So they held their branches
a little higher, and said,
“Jig Jig Giraffe,
do not nibble our leaves.
Do not listen when the wind
whispers to the palm trees.”

But the very next day
naughty little Jig Jig Giraffe
went to the palms again.
He stretched a little higher.
He nibbled the leaves,
and he listened to the breeze.



The palm trees said again,
“Jig Jig Giraffe,
do not nibble our leaves.
You should not listen
when the wind whispers
to the palm trees.”

And they lifted their branches
a little higher.

But still each day
Jig Jig went to the grove.
Each day he stretched up
a little higher.
He nibbled the leaves.
He listened to what the wind
whispered to the palm trees.

The palm trees were angry.
They lifted their branches
higher and higher.
But Jig Jig did not care.
He went day after day.
He stretched higher and higher.
He nibbled and nibbled.
He stretched and stretched.

And Jig Jig's neck began
to grow and grow.

And Jig Jig's legs kept on
growing and growing.

The palm trees lifted
their branches higher and higher.

Now all giraffes have
long necks and long legs.

But the palm trees hold
their branches so high in the air,
that no giraffes
can nibble their leaves.

And giraffes cannot hear
what the wind whispers to the trees.





THE WILD GEESE

The wild wind blows,
the sun shines,
the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky
is flecked with fleecy
dappled cloud.

Over earth's rejoicing fields
the children
dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus,
"It is spring!
It is spring!"

CELIA THAXTER



THE BOY AND THE FAIRIES

Dicky was a little boy
who did not believe in fairies.

One night he went to bed.
A fairy came to see him,
but he did not see the fairy.

She kissed Dicky on the cheek.
Then Dicky could see her.

“How beautiful you are!”
Dicky said.

“How beautiful your wings are!
I wish I could have wings
so I might fly away!”

The fairy kissed Dicky
on the other cheek.

Then he had wings
like the fairy's.

She took him by the hand
and they flew away to fairyland.
The fairies had a castle
in fairyland.

The little fairy took Dicky
into the castle to see
the queen of the fairies.

The queen put a fairy cap
on Dicky's head.

Then Dicky became little like a fairy.





He hid under the oak leaves.
He drank the dewdrops
from the buttercups.

He jumped on the back
of a grasshopper
and rode all over fairyland.

Then it was time to go home.
The queen took off Dicky's cap.
The fairy took the boy home.

She tucked him in his own bed.

When he awoke he told his mother
about his visit to fairyland.

She said it was a dream.

But there was a little dimple
in each of Dicky's cheeks,
where the fairy had kissed him.

Now Dicky believes in fairies.





SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin

is here again.

What does he care

for the April rain?

Care for it? Glad of it.

Doesn't he know
That the April rain
carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves
to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty
red Easter vest,
And makes the juice
of the cherry-sweet,
For his hungry
little robins to eat?

“Ha, ha, ha!” hear
the jolly bird laugh,
“That isn't the best
of the story, by half!”

LUCY LARCOM



THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG

It was Christmas day.

Robin Redbreast was happy.

He was very, very happy.

His heart was full of song.

“I must sing,” said Robin.

“I must sing a Christmas song.

I must sing for the King.”

And away Robin flew,
to the little pine tree.

Under the little pine tree,
sat old gray Pussy Cat.

“Where are you going,
little Robin Redbreast,
on such a fine day?”
asked gray Pussy Cat.

“O Pussy, I am so happy!
I must sing, sing, sing!
I am on my way to the palace,
to sing for our wonderful King,”
said little Robin Redbreast.

“Do not go now,” said Pussy,
“stay and play with me.
I have my Christmas dinner,
under this little pine tree.”

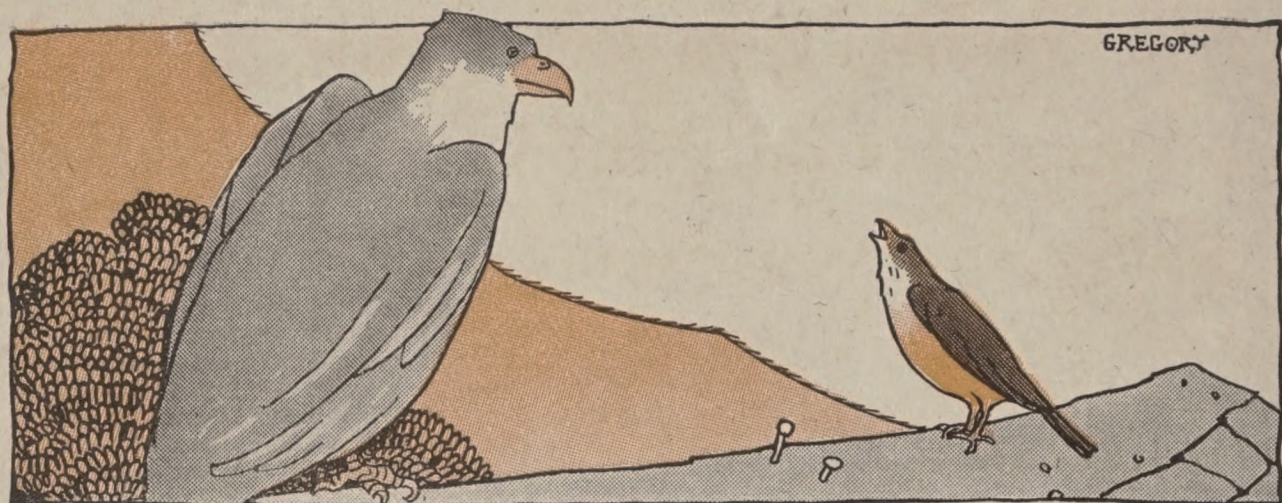
“No, thank you, Pussy,”
said little Robin Redbreast.



“You would like a little bird
for your Christmas dinner,
I know, but you cannot have me.”

And away flew little Robin
to the top of the old barn.
There he saw Greedy Hawk,
blinking in the sun.

“Where are you going,
little Robin Redbreast,
on such a fine day?”
asked old Greedy Hawk.



“Old Hawk, I am so happy,
I must sing, sing, sing!
I am on my way to the palace,
to sing for our wonderful King,”
said little Robin Redbreast.

“Do not go now,” said old Hawk,
“stay and play with me.
My Christmas dinner I shall eat
in the old hollow tree.”

“No, thank you, Mr. Hawk,”
said little Robin Redbreast.

“You would like a little bird
for your Christmas dinner,
I know, but you cannot have me.”

And away flew the little robin
to the big road by the pond.
Across the pond sat
a big Red Fox.

“Where are you going,
little Robin Redbreast,
on such a fine day?”
called the old Red Fox.

“Old Fox, I am so happy,
I must sing, sing, sing!
I am on my way to the palace,
to sing for our wonderful King,”
said little Robin Redbreast.



“Do not go now,” said Red Fox,
“stay and play with me.
My Christmas dinner I shall eat
under that big oak tree.”

“No, thank you, Red Fox,”
said little Robin Redbreast.
“You would like a little bird

for your Christmas dinner,
I know, but you cannot have me."

Away flew the little robin
until he came to the brook.
Beside the brook sat a little boy.

"Where are you going,
little Robin Redbreast?"
asked the little boy.



“ Little boy, I am so happy,
I must sing, sing, sing!
I am on my way to the palace,
to sing for our wonderful King,”
said little Robin Redbreast.

“ Do not go now,” said the boy,
“ stay and play with me.
I have my Christmas dinner,
near a real Christmas tree.”

“ No, thank you, boy,”
said little Robin Redbreast.
“ I saw you catch
a poor little snowbird
that was eating crumbs
beside your kitchen door.
You cannot have me.”

And away flew the little
Robin Redbreast.

At last the robin came
to the beautiful palace
where the King lived.

The little Robin Redbreast
flew to the top
of a wonderful Christmas tree
that was under the window
of the King's palace.
He sang the sweetest song
the King had ever heard.

“What can we do
for little Robin Redbreast?”
said the good King.



The Queen thought and thought.
The King thought and thought.
At last the King said, "I know.
We will make our trees homes
for all the little robins.
Then we can always hear
the songs the robins sing."

THE FLOWERS' PARTY

One day Mother Nature said,
“I am going to give a party
to all my little flowers.
I shall ask the Busy Bees
and the Little Breezes
to come, too, for the flowers
are never happy without them.”

She called the flowers and said,
“My children, we want
to have a merry time,
so each must do his part
to entertain our friends.
I want you all to think
what you would like to do.”

So all the little flowers
began to think and think.



Mother Nature called to the bluebells,
“Pretty little Bluebells,
what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you’ll be happy too?”

“Mother dear,” they said,
“we will ring our blue bells.
Then all the flowers will know
it is time to come to the party.”

“Thank you,” said Mother Nature.
“I am glad to have you do that,
for then no one will be late.”

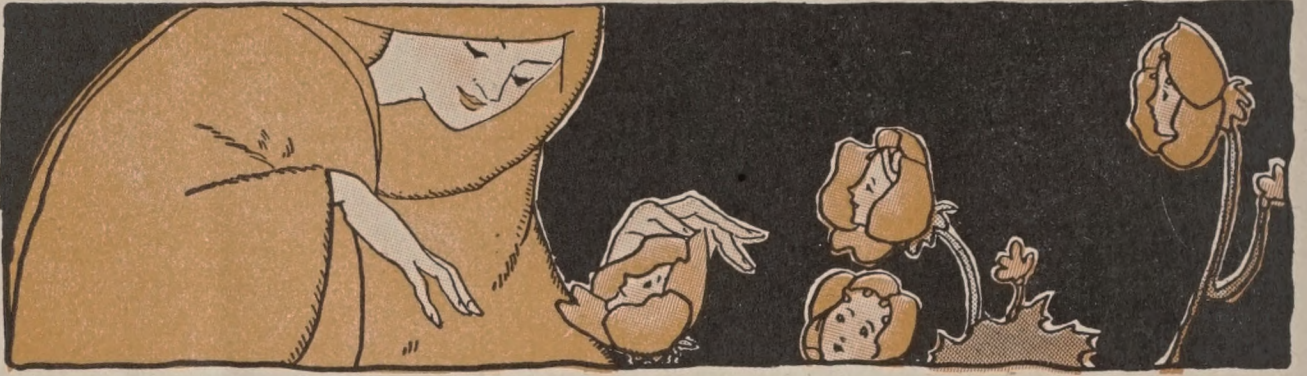
Then she called, "Dandelions!
What would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you'll be happy too?"

"Mother dear," they cried,
"would you like to have us make
yellow stars over the garden?"

"I should like it very much,"
said Mother Nature.

"Dear Violets," said she,
"what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you'll be happy too?"





“We will smile,” the violets said,
“to each flower as it comes in.”

“Thank you, that will be fine
for you to do.”

“Buttercups,” said Mother Nature,
“what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you’ll be happy too?”

“We will give you our cups,”
said the buttercups,
“to serve each little flower
with drops of dew.”

“Thank you, pretty Buttercups,”
said Mother Nature.

“I knew I could depend on you.
The flowers will be thirsty,
and they will thank you, too.”

“Come, Lilies of the valley,”
Mother Nature called,
“what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you’ll be happy too?”

The little lilies whispered,
“We will give our perfume.
Do you think the flowers
would like to have us do that?”

“I do, indeed,” said Mother Nature.

“Look!” cried Mother Nature,
“Here come the Busy Bees!”



“Busy Bees,” she called,
“what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you’ll be happy too?”

“Mother dear, we will sing
a soft, sweet little song.
We will sing and sing,
we will sing it all day long.”

“Thank you,” said Mother Nature,
“we like to hear your songs.”

“Little Breezes, Little Breezes,”
Mother Nature called,

“what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you’ll be happy too?”

“We will play with the flowers,”
the breezes cried,

“and we will teach them all
to dance, to dance in a ring.”

The flowers heard the breezes.
They clapped their hands
and cried, “How glad we are
to have the breezes come!”

“Here is Jack-in-the-pulpit,”
said Mother Nature.

“Dear Jack-in-the-pulpit,
what would you like to do,
to make your friends happy,
so that you’ll be happy too?”

“Mother,” said Jack, “let me think.
I will stand tall in my pulpit
and bid them good-by
when the party is over.”

“That is what I want,”
said Mother Nature.

The dandelions came first,
and with their stars of gold
made the garden beautiful.

The bluebells rang their bells
as loud as they could ring.

“We are very glad to see you,”
said the violets.

Then came the buttercups
with their pretty cups of gold.

“Let us serve you,”
cried the happy buttercups.
And all the flowers drank
from the little golden cups.

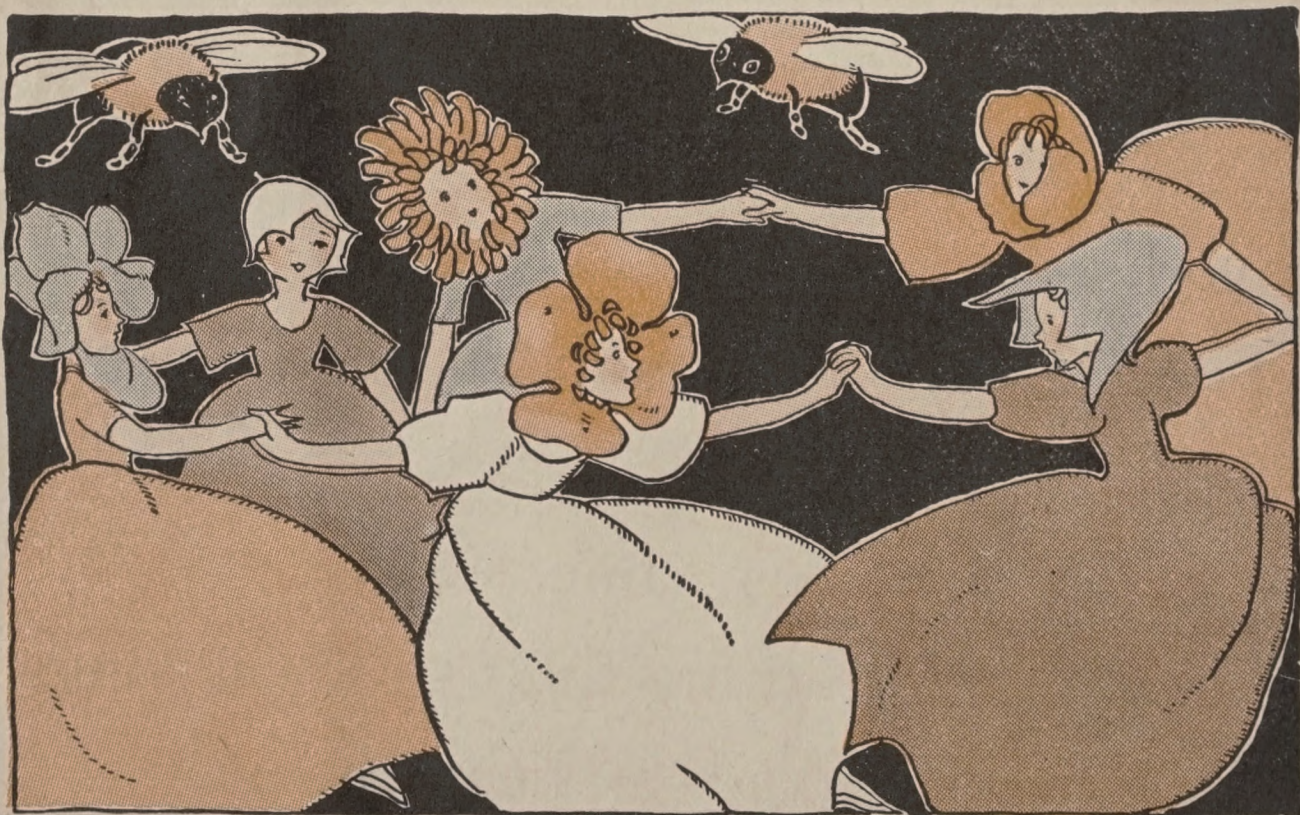
Next came the lilies,
with bells of perfume sweet.
They sprinkled perfume over all.
They sprinkled all the garden.
They sprinkled it everywhere.

All the flowers liked
the lovely perfume.
They cried, “How sweet! How sweet!”

Soon the bees came.
They were humming their sweetest songs.
The flowers liked to hear them.

The breezes began to dance,
and all the little flowers
danced with them, too.
Oh, what a happy time
every little flower had!

At last Jack-in-the-pulpit
spoke with all his might,
and to the flowers he said,
“I wish you all good-night.”



Dr. P. L.

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